Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

2. What a drunken knave was the sea,
To cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde,
In that vast Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreates you pitty him:
He askes of you, that never us'de to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heer's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, than we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Per. I never practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starve sure; for heere's nothing to be got now-adayes, unlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have beene, I have forget to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throngd up with cold, my veines are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I have a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore me a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'l have flesh for all day, fish for fasting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you sir.

2. Hearke you, my friend, You said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2. But crave? then Ile turne craver too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt, I would wish no better office, than to be Beadle. But Master, Ile goe draw the Net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you sir, doe you know where ye are?

Per.

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides* doe you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserves so to be call'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good government.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaines from
His Subjects, the name of good, by his government.
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Marry sir halfe a dayes journey: and Ile tell you, he hath a faire daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Iust and Turney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1, O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his wives soule.

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing up a Net.

2. Helpe, Master, helpe, heere's a fish hangs in the Net, like a poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out. Ha bots on't, tis come at last, and tis turnd to a rusty Armour.

Per. An Armour, friends, I pray you let me see it.
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine own part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeathe me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a shield
Twixt me and death: and pointed to this Brayse:
For that it saved me; keepe it in like necessity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
It kept where I kept, I so dearely loved it,
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath given't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I have here my fathers gift in's will.